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"JESUS ONLY."

BY REV. ALFRED J. HUGHES.

As by busy ways I roam,
From the still retreat of home,
Couch of pain or bended knee,
"Jesus only!" would I see.Holding lightly all earth's gain,
So that losing leaves no pain;
Blind to all earth's pomp and show,
"Jesus only!" would I know.Guarding zealously the throne
Jesus deigns to call his own,
I would prove, when friendship dies,
"Jesus only!" 'tis my plea.All that human mind has thought,
All that human skill has wrought,
Is but duty's scanty dole —
"Jesus only!" saves the soul.Smooth may be the path we tread,
Calm and clear the sky overhead,
Life be always at its best —
"Jesus only!" giveth rest.Kings may greet us with caress,
Nations turn aside to bless,
Lands and honors still increase,
"Jesus only!" giveth peace.Wisdom we may seek from books,
Meadow, sky, and running brooks,
On no page it, written, lies —
"Jesus only!" maketh wise!When the cloud of sorrow breaks,
And the whitened answer makes,
To the tumult of our grief
"Jesus only!" gives relief.When we bow in tears to mourn
For the dear ones from us torn,
Love may some new strength impart —
"Jesus only!" heals the heart.When the dark and vengeful foe
Round us in the battle close,
Crushing helm and piercing mail,
"Jesus only!" shall prevail.Through the vale of mist and tears,
Strewen with debris of the years,
Every step a shock of pain,
"Jesus only!" shall sustain.When before the throne I stand,
All my life laid bare and scanned,
Nothing good in thought or deed,
"Jesus only!" will I plead.As my upward way I take,
Welcomed home for Jesus' sake,
Through the palace of the King
"Jesus only!" will I sing.Should the minstrels of high heaven,
Needing not to be forgiven,
Other names breathe in their lays,
"Jesus only!" will I praise.Fragrant flowers of Paradise,
Mountains grand that touch the skies,
River flowing from the throne,
"Jesus only!" shall make known.Jesus! I shall plainly see
Written o'er the Jasper sea,
Pearly gate, street, tower and wall —
"Jesus only!" all in all!Death shall come, nor pain, nor tears,
Where the one-loved Name appears;
Banished evermore the night,
"Jesus only!" giveth light.All the names men called sublime,
Vexing long the ear of time,
In a great voice shall be drowned —
"Jesus only!" throne and crowned!

Luther, &c.

renders his name immortal. His lectures on "Man the Reformer," and "The Times," appeared in the paper, and the ideas drawn from his writings founded the celebrated community, "The Brook Farm." Mr. Emerson was not a communist, but an individualist. He warned the founders of the "Farm" of their error, pointed out their failure, and lived to see its fulfillment. Ideality is a figment of the brain which life cannot render practical, and Emerson knew it; and though he was a frequent visitor, and enjoyed the social life of the community at the "Farm," he never ceased to warn of the uselessness of any attempt to reduce airy notions to the level of winning bread.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. Before he was of ten years, his father died. His mother was a very devout Christian woman, who superintended the education of her five sons, sending Waldo, as she always called him, to Harvard College, at fourteen. He was not a brilliant student, but in the classics he had no superior in his class. In his junior year he took the first prize in essays, the subject being the "Character of Socrates." All of his spare time he gave to the library. The works of Plato were his delight, and his mind became imbued with the views of that immortal player of chimeric intellectual changes. He scarcely paid attention to his ordinary college duties other than to pass examination by the time-honored methods that wait upon "cranking." To show the difference between the thought of the Platonic Academia and that of the present century, his senior collegiate essay was upon a theme which gave him a great vantage-ground — "The Present State of Ethical Philosophy." In 1821 he was graduated, and taught a school of ladies.

Dr. Channing saw the germ in the young Emerson, and induced him to study theology. Emerson loved the great Unitarian divine, but frankly told him that if he ever entered the ministry, he would not wear the collar. He would have freedom. Creed was nothing; individual everything. Channing said, "I have no creed but humanity, no belief but God and humanity." And then Mr. Emerson after a time entered the desk. This was in March, 1829. Dr. Ripley delivered the charge, and spoke of the line of ancestry of the new pastor and the work he would do as a noble son. He proved an effective and valuable minister, devoting himself to the poor of other denominations rather than to the rich of his own.

About this time his beautiful poem "To Ellen at the South" appeared, and the same year he married Miss Ellen Louise Tucker, who died in 1832. Her death nearly crushed her husband, who lived, as he said, "to love my Ellen, my God, and mankind." This same year he frankly told his parish that with his views he could no longer administer the Lord's Supper, and asked that his resignation be accepted. This was accepted with great sorrow by his people, who idolized the man. Broken in health, and feeling the sorrow of the separation from his church, he went to Europe, where he met Carlyle, with whom a ceaseless friendship was begun. Carlyle speaks of Emerson as that "supernal vision, Waldo Emerson. When will another dawn like him?" There he also met Coleridge, and Wordsworth, then poet laureate. But Carlyle impressed him over all. In 1833 he began his lectures in this country, and from then until his death Mr. Emerson has been the acknowledged leader in speculative philosophy. He was attacked on all sides, not for what he did say, but from *inferentia*. He never permitted controversy. He knew of the boy who broke the windows because he could not throw over the steeple.

In September, 1835, he married Miss Lydia Jackson, sister of the discoverer of anaesthetics, and from the moment of this union until death called him, his home was his glory and his pride. His wife was a wonderful aid to his genius, and he has often said his best works were written under her radiant smiles. An unfortunate marriage would have killed the philosopher, in the mournful reflection

of his want of philosophy in choosing a helpmate.

In the quaint little village of Concord, Mass., was their home; they occupied it from the day of their union until he passed from life on the 27th of April, 1882. It was in this house he wrote most that will survive him. As all great men are simple in their habits, so was Mr. Emerson. His home was the abode of rustic simplicity. His study was his delight, and there he could always be found with words of cheer and hope. He despised sham. He loved the world for what there was in man, and he never could find a man so low but that he had something God-like about him. He could not, therefore, accept total depravity as a statement of the moral condition of any of God's creatures. His views he never forced upon any person; and though he evidently knew the plane he occupied, he would never allow a visitor to know it. Most unassuming of men, most childlike in his illustrious genius, most reverential to the opinions of others, he moved through life lifting his Titan forehead to the sun, and passed into the unknown just as he had lived — a trusting disciple wearing the sacred epiphany, fearing God and fearing man.

In 1856 his mother died at his home. She proudly loved her boy; she admired his genius. Enough of immortality for her was it that she had borne Ralph Waldo Emerson. When the Concord monument was completed, Mr. Emerson wrote the stanza sung upon that occasion, containing the words so often quoted: —
"Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

As to the literary merits of Mr. Emerson's writings, it is to be expected opinions will differ. Rhythm he cared nothing for. Quite all his poems will prove this. He deemed it his duty to expound, not to teach. He was on this ground called an instructor in dogmatism; but he was not an instructor in any sense. His deductions were from the alembic of the study; his assertions were only known to the outside world through the truth of these deductions as he understood them; therefore were his opinions classed as dogmatic. Melody he cared not for other than the harmony of his views, which future generations, he thought, would accept as truth. In proof of this, Mr. C. E. Norton, a distinguished critic, says: "His poems are for the most part more fitted to invigorate the moral sense than to delight the artistic. At times, indeed, he is singularly felicitous in expression, and some of his verses both charm and elevate the soul. These rare verses will live in the memories of men. No poet is surer of immortality than Mr. Emerson; but the greater part of his poetry will be read not so much for its artistic, as for its moral, worth."

His essays on "English Traits" and "Representative Men" are among the finest in the English or any other language. The charm of all his works, whether prose or poetry, consists in the training which the reader's mind unconsciously takes upon itself in accepting conclusions without the mental mathematical analysis of reduction.

The death of Mr. Emerson, following within a month that of Henry W. Longfellow, is a vital blow at the life and purity of our American literature. Two are left; and when John G. Whittier and James Russell Lowell shall have passed into the shadow, the golden age of the literature of America will have closed, and in its place will be found the age of brass — the men who write not for the elevation of humanity, but for the brass of the market-place.

Philadelphia, May 1, 1882

"M. B." WAISTCOATS.

BY REV. E. STUART BEST.

One of the strongest speeches made last summer in the Ecumenical Council, and the speech which stirred up the most powerful commotion, was by Councillor Waddy, a son of one of the most eminent ministers that Methodism has produced. His address was on "The Duties and Claims of Local Preachers," in the course of which he stated, in effect, that a clerical garment did not make the minister; that an "M. B."

waistcoat did not impart more efficacy to his sermon than a vest of the most commonplace pattern. Now, the ordinary listener might think that this was all very harmless talk; he might imagine that he was only wasting the time of the Conference by uttering the most commonplace platitudes that everybody admits; but the effect was precisely the reverse — he stirred up the most intense excitement. Many of the papers of the next morning were loud in their condemnation of the eminent lawyer. His bad taste and discourteous spirit were quite generally and strongly disapproved. The trouble was, he had sent a red-hot shot into the ammunition wagons of high-church Methodism; for the existence of such a party in both the ministry and membership of British Wesleyanism has long been an obvious fact. They represent the imputation of being dissenters, and toady to the Establishment, aping its airs and bedecking themselves with some of the fashions of its millinery.

For almost twenty-five years this spirit was dominant in the Wesleyanism of England. Uniform, drill, and dress parade were put in the place of the zeal and devotion of the fathers; but it was soon found that the devil could never be kept down by this kind of ecclesiastical machinery, and that Methodism was not needed in the world when "its speech and its preaching were only with enticing words of man's wisdom."

But the men who affected the "M. B." waistcoat were the last to admit any of these allegations. While very emphatic in asserting the churchly ideas of John Wesley, they never professed themselves admirers of his progressive spirit, which spurred the dull routine of rites and precedents when souls were to be plucked as brands from the burning. For years they kept forcing Methodism into their old, musty, leather bottles of ecclesiastical formula, until the bottles burst, and over one hundred thousand members perished to the Wesleyanism of Great Britain. At last they were obliged to yield to the reforms which they had so often denounced as revolutionary and unscriptural; and for the favoring of these reforms they expelled, with a stroke of the pen, many good men and true from the church of their choice.

But some may imagine that all this talk about wearing a garment of peculiar cut is only the silliest kind of trifling; that at most it is only a mild form of professional snobbery that shows the man magnifying himself at the expense of his office, and is only worthy the smile of pity and ridicule it awakens. Long before the days of "Sartor Resartus" the world had learned the philosophy of clothes. It had found that they were not only the coverings by which our bodies are protected, but they are symbols by which our characters are uncovered and revealed. It is a fact, that a man is not only known by the company he keeps, but also by the clothing which he wears.

The expert in botany can tell you the nature and species of a tree by the study of its foliage, just as correctly as the ordinary observer can tell you what tree it is by its fruit. So the priestly attire proclaims the priestly spirit. It is only so many leaves of the deadly Upas of popery which has poisoned and cursed humanity almost since the days of the apostles. It was with just these figments, torn from this tree of death, that the Wesleyan hierarchy sought to cover themselves, and in doing so proclaimed to the world their fall from the true apostolic succession and the loss of their original simplicity and power. So notorious was this fact, that Mr. Spurgeon was heartily commended when he declared, "The Methodists are fast going to the Church, the Church is fast going to Rome, and Rome is fast going to the devil." This aimed such a telling blow, and the "M. B." waistcoat could not cover the ghastly gash he made. We fancy that after this terrible thrust these bogus canonicisms will not be so conspicuously flaunted in Methodist pulpits.

But just here I am reminded that some one may be asking, "What

does all this amount to? What do these two mysterious initials indicate?" About the year 1830, some of the clergy of the English Establishment began to array themselves in the professional attire of the Romish hierarchy. The people soon understood the meaning of this uniform, and stigmatized it as "the Mark of the Beast," and from this we have the "M. B." waistcoat. Innumerable facts have demonstrated the sagacity of those who originated this title, for many who began with wearing the "M. B." waistcoat have ended by wearing the black petticoat of the Jesuit.

No wonder that staunch and loyal Methodists should cordially dislike anything that seems to have any affinity with Rome. We are more than thankful to see that within the last few years there has been such a decided return to the "old paths." Wesleyan Methodism, under the leadership of such men as William Arthur, Thomas Garrett, and Dr. Pope, is waking from her slumbers, putting on her garments of strength and beauty, and going forth in the power of the Almighty to spread Scriptural holiness all over these lands.

The Ecumenical Council has greatly strengthened the hands of these devoted men, and given the whole church a new inspiration in her heavenly calling. We worshiped in Liverpool on the Sunday after the close of the last Wesleyan Conference. The sermon to which we listened was an appeal to the church, urging apostolic devotion and apostolic truth, that the days of the Pentecost might return. The preacher was a young man, but he had the true Methodist ring and the true Methodist fire. He told this suggestive incident: "I was talking with a friend about the spirit of our late Conference. He said, 'Had you asked me three years ago what Methodism was, I would have told you it is the greatest piece of complex ecclesiastical machinery the world ever saw; but if you should ask me to-day, I would say it is the most effective agency for the world's conversion which the world contains.'"

The benign influences of the Ecumenical Council have been as ecumenical as the council itself. The Methodism of the world glows under its inspiration. Its best work was this intensifying of the old Methodist spirit. More Methodism has long been the greatest need of Methodism. This, under the blessing of God, this great Council has supplied.

We were present when one of the most distinguished preachers in our own M. E. Church was speaking, with some friends, on this line of thought. "You know," said he, "I have long been regarded as a high-church Methodist; but since coming to England I have become heartily sick of the whole thing, and now I go in for old-fashioned Methodism with all my might."

Luther never was fully convinced of the corruptions of popery until he visited Rome. And so let any of our ministry who admire a more elaborate and imposing form of worship than they find in their own churches, visit London. Let him sit for an hour under the proud dome of St. Paul's Cathedral and listen to the surplined canters intoning, in medieval drawl, the solemn service. As it rings and resounds throughout that lofty fane, he may imagine he has an immense couch-shell pressed against his ear. It sounds like the rushing tide, but the small still voice of the Divine One will not be heard in all that surge and swell and roar of harmony. If this will not cure an attack of high-church mania, it is because the patient is incurable.

REV. HUGH BOURNE.

BY REV. E. BARRASS, M. A.

In the year 1852 two very remarkable men died in England. One was the Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, and the other Rev. Hugh Bourne, the founder of the Primitive Methodist Connection. The funeral procession which followed the remains of the "Iron Duke" to their last resting-place was of the grandest description. So anxious were the citizens of London to testify their respect to the man who had saved the country from Napoleon's invasion, that the windows of the houses of the streets of London through which

the mourning cortege passed were rented for fabulous sums, and the nation appeared to mourn the removal of one whose life had been made up of great deeds which he had accomplished for his country.

Hugh Bourne moved in a very different orbit from that occupied by the "Immortal Duke." He was not of the nobility; no royal blood flowed in his veins. No cathedral bells rang out their merry peals when he was born, nor did his funeral awaken such a sensation as that of the distinguished man with whom we have associated him; still, sixteen thousand spectators witnessed his interment, and thousands more in both hemispheres, who revered him as a father, wept when they learned that he was no longer an inhabitant of earth. So far as our roses, which have guided us, we gather that the ancestors of Hugh Bourne were of Norman extraction, and came to England with William the Conqueror, or during his reign, and settled in the north of Staffordshire, in the possession of a considerable estate, which dwindled down to a little patch of land which the father of our hero occupied as a small farm, and at the same time worked at the trade of wheelwright.

From his father Hugh Bourne inherited an impetuous temper, but from his mother he inherited a disposition for industry for which through life he was characterized.

The educational facilities in England at the time he was born were few; consequently Mr. Bourne did not enjoy such advantages as are now within the reach of all classes. He was greatly indebted to his mother for most of the education which he received when a child. She was a noble woman in the best sense, and watched over her children with great assiduity and endeavored to instill into their minds those principles which bore fruit many years after she was numbered with the dead. Through life her son Hugh revered her memory, and just before he died he said his mother had come for him to accompany him to heaven. Who can tell how much the world is indebted to the mothers of "the wise and good?" Truly, "they who rock the cradle rule the world." "The mother's heart is the child's school-room."

The north of Staffordshire was as destitute of religious advantages as it was of educational facilities. Few of the messengers of salvation found their way to that obscure locality where one resided who was to become so conspicuous in the ranks of those who turn men to righteousness. Still, from an early period of life, he became much concerned about his spiritual welfare, but it was not till he had attained the age of manhood that he understood the way of salvation. While reading the letters of Rev. John Fletcher, on "The Spiritual Manifestation of the Son of God," he was filled with peace and joy.

Mr. Bourne followed the same occupation as his father; but having an intense thirst for knowledge, he devoted all his spare moments to reading such books as he could secure. Through life he was an omnivorous reader, and spent many hours of the night season in cultivating his mind. He became a hard student, and had a more extensive acquaintance with many branches of knowledge than was generally supposed. He was capable of reading the Scriptures both in Hebrew and Greek. Natural philosophy was always a favorite study, and he also had a great love for history, especially ecclesiastical history. Books of theology and religious biography were in great demand, though he had but little taste for speculation in religion. The practical works of Revs. John Wesley and John Fletcher were those which he always loved. He also learned to use the pen freely in study, and could express himself with clearness and perspicuity.

After believing with his heart into righteousness, he became associated with several persons who were members of the respectable Society of Friends. Their quiet mode of worship did not suit him in every respect, though he was always a great admirer of their usages, particularly their plainness of dress and the avoidance of worldly conformity. His parents removed to a part of the country where the Wesleyan ministers were accustomed to preach, and he was induced to cast in his lot among "the people called Methodists."

The state of morals was lamentably low in England at the commencement of the present century. Brutal sports of all descriptions were numerous; wakes and fairs were scenes of great dissipation; the masses, especially, were in a sad state of moral degradation. The itinerant ministers, having large circuits to travel, could do little beyond taking their appointments at the places in their "rounds." Mr. Bourne's righteous soul was stirred within him when he beheld the people almost wholly given up to wickedness. He, in connection with some other like-minded with himself, labored hard to promote revivals of religion, chiefly by means of prayer-meetings. Great good resulted from these efforts, and some of the people complained that the meetings were too short. This objection having been repeatedly made, one evening an earnest man said, "You

shall have a whole day's praying some Sunday on Mow Hill, and then you will be satisfied." This meeting was actually held, and here Hugh Bourne made his first attempt at preaching, but he was so timid that he stood with his left hand over his eyes most of the time.

This "day's praying" on Mow Hill may be said to have resulted, six years afterwards, in the formation of the Primitive Methodist Connection. Accounts had been sent to England respecting camp-meetings which were then held in America. Rev. Lorenzo Dow had also visited the old country, and gave still more extended details respecting the services in which he had taken part in "the leafy temples" in the western world, which gave a great stimulus to the revivals which Hugh Bourne and others had been the means of promoting. Two men who had been made very useful were induced to resign their occupations and devote themselves wholly to evangelistic labors. A few persons made themselves responsible for their remuneration, which was about one hundred per cent. less than they earned at their trade as potters.

(To be continued.)

Wilbraham Academy.

As stated in the last HERALD, the writer has been appointed, at the earnest request of the trustees, the financial agent of the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, very well described as "the oldest and most excellent institution of our church." This agency looks to three things — more students, payment of the debt, and an endowment.

There are now 180 students — a recent and hopeful increase; but many more can be accommodated. The debt of more than \$20,000, old, burdensome and increasing, should at once be removed; and for the safety and greater usefulness of the school, a large and liberal endowment should be provided. To all of these things I earnestly invite the attention of all friends of education, and especially beg the attention and practical interest of all who have money to give, bequest, or loan, in large or small sums. I solicit inquiry, conversation, or correspondence.

Friends and brethren, don't be afraid of me! Draw near to me. I will do you no harm, but all possible good. Give this dear old academy, that has done more for the church, perhaps, than any other school — never more beautiful in buildings, never better equipped with teachers, never more charming in scenery, nor more healthful nor inviting; this academy, that has had fifteen thousand students, fitted for college more than seven hundred, and given the church hundreds of ministers and teachers; whose doors from the first have been open to all without regard to sex, color or condition, at the lowest possible expense, and whose halls and groves have resounded for more than fifty years with the songs of happy, newly-converted youth — give this venerable school your sympathy and help! They are greatly needed. You cannot do better for your children and young friends than to send them to Wilbraham, nor better with what God has given you than to use it in preparing young people for ministers, teachers and good citizens. No mind can realize the good already done by the Wesleyan Academy. The influence for time and eternity has been infinite. So, if properly sustained, shall the good work go on till time is no more.

But help is now needed, imperatively needed. If you have property, if you are old and soon to pass away, and do not know what disposition of your property or a part of it will be best, most pleasing to God, most productive of good to others and of reward to yourself, write to me, let me know your trouble. I will come to you and advise you candidly and kindly. You will be happy to have your mind at ease. Let us give the good old school an assurance of living forever, blessing the world to the end of time.

To this effort we are called by the noble, self-sacrificing founders, by the first great principal, Wilbur Fisk, by a long line of principals and teachers, by hundreds who were there converted and educated, and have fought and ended a good fight for God and man, by Rich and Clark and many others who demand a faithful use of the property of the great trust committed to the church by their munificent gifts. Do we not hear all of these calling us to united, generous and self-denying effort to relieve, build up, and perpetuate this honored Academy?

I respectfully and most earnestly ask the sympathy and co-operation of all friends of the school, all alumni who are giving, all who wish to do for the church and the world a great and useful work. Let us, in old-time numbers, send the young people to Wilbraham, wipe out this troublesome debt, and thus make way for an endowment. A gift, subscription, or word of cheer will be thankfully received. While looking for large and thankful for small subscriptions, I am very desirous of finding one hundred persons who will give \$100 each to pay off \$10,000 of the debt. Quite a number are found. Who will join them? I await the good tidings.

L. CROWELL.

Lynn, Mass., May 16, 1882.

—One of our pastors in Rhode Island writes: "Bro. John Allen ('Camp-meeting John') was with us on Thursday evening. I think he ought to deliver a course of Bible recitations before the theological students. He moved me as much by some given to myself and wife as I have been moved under the sermons of some of our best pulpit orators, and I understand that this is usually the case when he repeats the Word of God. I heard him years ago, but never experienced the wonderful richness of his recitations as at this last exhibition of his power. It seemed like a sermon commentary, and the very utterance of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, all woven into one unparalleled opening up of the Word, by heart experience, and the truly delightful expression of its mighty power when simply rendered by a master mouthpiece. It seemed that such presentation of God's revealed will would move all but the most hardened hearts. Some of his recitations of the old hymns of the church were equally impressive. May his life be long continued!"

Miscellaneous.

WESLEYAN METHODIST CONNECTION.
Born Out of Affliction.

BY REV. C. PRINDLE, D. D.

Being the only one living who will be likely to give to the public the facts relative to the origin of this denomination in this country, and "having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first" relating to this Christian body, and being in an advanced period in life, I think it may be a duty incumbent on me to state the leading facts connected with their origin, as data for the guidance of those who may wish correct information upon this subject. The history of this body is yet to be written; and my present aim is only to furnish brief facts as outlines to such a history when it shall be prepared.

I need not detail the abuses and sufferings to which the abolitionists were subjected, from 1835 to 1844, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the various officers and bodies of that ecclesiastical organization. These facts have been given quite fully by Rev. L. C. Matlack, D. D.; and the details have never been disputed by any competent authority, public or individual. Further, these details were published while the actors in these scenes were living, and every opportunity was afforded for corrections, if mistakes and errors had been made. But as no exceptions have ever been taken to these particulars, it may be assumed that the details given by Mr. Matlack are undeniable facts.

But how, and when, did the convictions of brethren take such form and shape as to give assurance of the organization that was at a subsequent period known as the "Wesleyan Methodist Connection of America?" The following facts will be an answer to this question: Several brethren, by correspondence, agreed to meet together in the city of Albany, N. Y., in November, 1842, for consultation upon what their duty was under existing circumstances. At the time appointed there were five brethren assembled who were of one heart and mind, and were agreed in purpose to follow the leadings of Providence, whatever they might be. Our meeting was in an "upper room" by ourselves alone. It was a solemn, thoughtful time. We all realized that the eyes of God and the church were upon us, and that the questions we were to consider were momentous, and must affect the welfare of many, and furnish, apparently, a new type of Christian morality.

Before anything was said or done, two of the brethren led the little company in prayer to God for His direction and guidance in our deliberations; and if ever there was manifested sincerity and unselfishness, it was then in that "upper room." When we became composed, the first question for consideration was, "Can we do anything more in the hope of bringing the M. E. Church back to her former stand against the giant sin of slavery?" After carefully considering this question in all its bearings, it was agreed that we could do no more than we had done in the years that had passed. Then the question pressed upon us, "Can we be true to God and our fellow-men if we refrain from active hostility to the sin of slavery, which the church has enjoined us to do?" And it was decided that we could not. It was then agreed that we must proceed as soon as practicable to organize a new body, where we might antagonize this evil and exercise our full measure of influence in seeking its overthrow, especially in the M. E. Church.

This was apparently the first effectual measure that Methodist anti-slavery members had been able to inflict on the pro-slaveryism in the M. E. Church. We had been urged to leave the church if we could not refrain from agitating this subject; and I have the proof now in my possession, that Dr. Bond, who was then editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, had made up his mind, and was actually trying, to write out of the church such men as Scott, Horton, Prindle, Lee, etc., in the belief that if these brethren could be disposed of, the great majority of those who sympathized with them would repudiate them, and the church would enjoy peace. We did not know of the Doctor's purpose at that time, but the fact has come to light since.

The foregoing facts are here given, that the origin and birth of the new body may be seen and known. The Wesleyan Methodists of this country had their birth in that "upper room," in the city of Albany, N. Y., in November, 1842. I could give many facts in detail, but omit them, as they

do not come within my present purpose.

When the convention met in May, 1843, to the astonishment of friends and foes, there were more than six thousand Methodists asking recognition in the new organization. Says Mr. Matlack: "Those who seceded, did so deliberately. It was the result of calm reflection. Hence, few turned back, and a greater prosperity was realized than any expected. A letter from O. Scott to C. Prindle a short time before his secession, expressed the opinion that in one year's time there might be a denomination raised of perhaps two thousand members. Such was the ambition and hope of the leader, under God; but in six months there were six thousand, and a year afterwards fifteen thousand in the connection, which, after the sober second thought of four years, had increased to nearly seventeen thousand souls." And though a class of preachers came among us who proved themselves unworthy and unreliable, as all newly-organized bodies have, who dishonored us for some years and disgraced themselves, yet, as a body, the Wesleyan Methodists would honorably compare with those we left, both in the ministry and membership, for intelligence and reputable standing in the community. As editor and agent, I personally visited, at different periods, the Annual Conferences for twelve years, and had the best opportunity for observation. I therefore feel justified in stating these facts.

But how can we account for this large increase of members, beyond the estimates of all classes, at the convention in Utica, in May, 1843? It can only be accounted for in the deep feeling that had been produced in the minds of the common members of the church. This feeling was deeper and more wide-spread than had been apprehended. On the 6th of May, 1844, at the General Conference in New York, when anti-slavery memorials were being presented to that body, W. A. Smith, of Virginia, said: "We know only what Methodist ministers think and feel from these memorials. They lead on the people, who but for them would not trouble us on this subject." Phineas Crandall replied: "The ministers do not take the lead. The ministers do not keep pace with the members in this movement. So tardy, in their opinion, has been the action of the ministry, that some members have left the church, and some will leave unless they move more vigorously." J. G. Dow said: "I must correct the mistake with reference to New Hampshire. We are driven up to it by the people; we are pushed on to this subject." So also said Wm. D. Cass; and so also re-affirmed Charles Adams, of the New England Conference.

At a subsequent period, on the proposition of Dr. Capers to appoint a committee to devise a plan for "the permanent pacification of the church," on abolition and slavery, the following remarks were made by a member from New England. They refer to the memorials against the "black resolution," "slavery," and a "slave-holding bishop." "If those matters presented before this body by our people," said the speaker, "are not met fairly and settled according to the view our people have of what is right, they will go from us in troops! We cannot prevent it. Sir, we at the east are placed above a volcano. We see now and then the smoke issuing forth from small fissures, and it may come upon us in all the violence of an eruption when we are least expecting it. Our enemies (seceders) proceed upon the underground rail-road plan; and the underground movement will succeed against our best endeavors. Everything depends on the General Conference." To these sentiments all appended. (Matlack, p. 3, Appendix.)

The General Conference of the M. E. Church in 1844 was the most important convocation that was ever held on this continent; and as the last speaker quoted said "everything depended upon the General Conference," so it proved to be by its transactions. Thousands of preachers and members had pledged themselves, before that body assembled, that if it did not do something to abate the evil of slavery in the church, they would leave. And the anti-slavery preachers and members were so aroused to the peril that hung over them at a critical moment, that a plan was extemporized for the whole of New England to secede and secure Bishop Hedding as their head (stated by Dr. James Porter in the *Quarterly Review* of 1871). But the action of the Conference was such as to inspire hope on the part of the anti-slavery portion of the church; and secessions ceased almost entirely from that time.

Cleveland, O., May, 1882.

"WHAT THE CONFERENCES SUGGEST."

BY REV. W. H. PILLBURY.

And has extension repeated come to be an item in the routine business of Conferences, Annual and General? So our quoted theme would suggest. Now, I cannot see it—though not aware of confessing inability to see what wise men see so clearly, I should hold my tongue, rub my eyes, wipe my glasses, try again—and then play see. There would be more sense, or perhaps nonsense, in this game of see were I one of the eligible—fifty years younger—and had aspirations. Upon the first turn of the wheel, though every possible opener was used in the shape of plea of "necessity in a few cases of possible occurrence," I utterly failed to see. The new campaign, based upon success of the first, promises, and can be successfully carried only by the same pretence of rare necessity, and will be only another turn of the same wheel. I write this only because of a deep interest in all that part of the economy of the church which needs no tinkering to adapt it to a too fast age.

I have no apology to offer for any appearance of sentimental shortcoming in method or statement in this composition. It is attributable to my matter-of-fact make-up, for which I am in no sense responsible. And just here I want to demur at being ranked among pessimists because I can see dark spots, and no redeeming feature, in some phases of modern progress. No more can I be a blind optimist, or a Wilde aesthetic, willfully ignoring all ethical features.

The article with the above-quoted caption struck me as being out of place, out of time, and utterly uncalled for. It can mean only the opening of a two-years' vexatious discussion bearing upon the make-up and work of the next General Conference. Ministers—a mere fraction of the whole—and almost none of the churches, are and will be held responsible for the initiation and carrying on of the controversy, the drift of which must be to sharp outlining between two classes in the same body of ministers in a very few conferences; not to designate the one aristocrat and the other plebeian (which would, perhaps, be a little too plain English), but rather as sustaining the relation to each other of hub and periphery; neither of which classes will have much to do with the habit or movements of the other, except that, both being nominally parts of the same wheel, the hub will revolve—by mutual arrangement within itself—having little to do with the other fellows but to keep them periphery. The periphery will feel—if they do not rebelliously say, as in the fable—"It may be fun to you, but it is death to us."

Itinerancy, the peculiarity of our denomination, supposes uniform circulation; not virtual location of one part, and circulation of another, and much the larger, part of the same body. Realists especially should circulate, very few of whom will attain to extension pulpits, showing the weakness of the strongest fallacy for a third, and now for a fourth, year. Too apparently the whole thing is to gratify the few that start the ball and keep it rolling, and who expect ultimate success by a system of log-rolling, after the mode of professional politicians. "Consistency" thou art a jewel, not seen in such shams to put through measures obnoxious to the masses.

The invasion of the rule of limitation, after long years of success, is disloyalty to the wise planning of the pious fathers, whose labors were everywhere attended by revivals, and who never dreamed of necessity for return to complete their well-done work; though they had almost infinitely more opposition from ministers and churches, by whom they were treated as wolves and fanatical innovators. And just now I remember an anecdote in point: One of the John Adams itinerants—called "Reformation John"—always had revival. He was once followed by Brother Newell, who, on meeting him, said: "Brother Adams, you are like a child picking berries; you pick leaves and all." "Well," said Brother Adams, "you are just the man to follow me and call them out."

If the machine is to go on in the rut already cut, the end will be utter defeat of the design of the itinerancy, which is the circulation of talent and the oversight of all the churches; the abolishment of episcopacy because of its superfluity; then, a drifting of the ministry to the English or some like system, resulting in an independent ministry and independent churches; the end of which will be, half the churches minus pastors and half the ministers minus churches. The plea for unlimited extension, or even to four years—after the precedent of four years, and indefinite election, or appointment of missionaries, secretaries, presidents and professors—is a sham issue, these being official and exceptional cases.

The almost universal experience is, that a revival so important as to require a return so clearly as to demand extension, almost never occurs—beyond a first or second year; and, instead of encouraging reckless extravagance (that business men would be ashamed of) by extension in order to complete half-built churches, wisdom and prudent care demand a shortening of the term, to discourage growing and rival extravagance.

If the church is doomed to be quadrupled in a year, to be kept up through two years of every four, and to determine the elections to the General Conference, encumbering our literature with matter that nobody will read more than once, then I submit, in the interest and peace of the church, that the issue be joined, once for all, of indefinite extension.

To show the hollowness of the "necessity" plea for return a third and now a fourth year, I conclude this paper

with a case just now transpiring, on this wise: A minister who has rendered one year's service so satisfactorily in the most important charge in the East Maine Conference that his reappointment is unanimously desired, is wanted at the Hub, and forthwith overtures are made for his transfer, which will, and ought to, fall because of beginning at the wrong end.

A VISIT TO THE SILVER MINES.

BY MRS. REV. JOHN W. BUTLER.

Mexico advances! Instead of taking the long, dusty, jolting ride of five hours by diligence en route for Pachuca, we had but one hour's ride in that uncomfortable vehicle, and then took the horse-cars, arriving at Pachuca by noon instead of late in the afternoon as before.

Preparations having been made by kind friends, we started early the next morning on horseback to visit El Chico, an important mining district. After a romantic ride of two hours and a half, we reached our destination, tired and hungry. The afternoon was devoted to strolling about the premises and learning all we could about mining.

The owner of a number of mines in this region is Dr. William Rule from England. His uncle having died, he fell heir to this property. He is a good man, and a Methodist! He is also accomplishing much good in many ways, of which we will speak further on. His home is situated in a charming valley. The house is a long, one-story building, with great rooms opening into each other. In the patio, or yard, are two large square plots for amalgamating the metal. On the opposite side of the yard is the machine for crushing the stone into powder. At the farther end are the shops containing the furnaces.

We will undertake to give our readers an idea of the *modus operandi* of obtaining silver. First, the stones are broken in the mine and washed, so as to show the veins of silver. Then in bags they are brought to the reduction works of which we have spoken. Here they are crushed to powder. Then certain quantities of salt, sulphate of copper and quicksilver are mixed with it and placed in this square in the patio. It now looks like a great mass of black mud. For three weeks nine mules at a time trample this for several hours a day. This process is called amalgamating the metal.

As the time was nearly up for this plot of ore, the Doctor had a small quantity of this black, muddy-looking stuff gathered. After going through the usual process, it was brought to us, and there lying in the bowl of water was a beautiful piece of silver. The Doctor lifted it carefully, for it was very soft, and as he pressed it against the side of the dish, little balls of the quicksilver rolled off into the water, and presently the silver was free of the mercury. In the shop were four large furnaces, where, after the amalgamating process, it is "purified as by fire."

When we saw these different processes, a number of Scriptural verses came to our mind. One was when Jehovah vented his wrath upon the wicked people of Jerusalem: "As they gather silver . . . into the midst of the furnace, to blow the fire upon it, to melt it, so will I gather you in Mine anger, and in My fury I will leave you there and melt you." Again He says: "Behold, I have refined thee in the furnace of affliction." Job says: "But He knoweth the way that I take; when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

One furnace in particular has its chimney cleaned once a year, and the silver found in the soot at this time amounts to three thousand dollars. We were informed by some miners that the horses and mules which have to trample this mixture, unless well cared for, do not live longer than three years, as the quicksilver impregnates their bodies and causes death. After their demise, they are dissected, and quantities of valuable mercury are extracted from their bodies. Immediately after finishing their daily tramping, these animals are led to a large tank of water and divested of the muddy ore, and then to another of clear water, till their bodies are thoroughly cleansed. But with all this washing their legs retain an ugly green color.

The laborers are not allowed to pass from the premises without going through an examination. Pockets are emptied, shoes taken off, the clothing inspected, and even the head is examined. Some have frequently tried to carry away in the hair quantities of the pulverized ore. They wash the hair every night and save the washing, till, at the end of a week, there would be found in the basin from three to four pounds of the silver dust, which would bring a good price. Hence this necessity among eighty workmen.

At the tea-table we discussed the proposition to visit one of the new mines. A number of the gentlemen remarked, "But you do not propose to take the lady over such a road?" "Oh, yes," said our host, "she will enjoy the romantic ride, even if it is a little rough." Thus it was decided.

In the evening we attended the organization of their weekly prayer-meeting. When the Doctor came, less than two years ago, there was not a Protestant in the place. At six o'clock we went to the large room which has been fitted up for public worship. There was a great log fire blazing in the fire-place, and forty-three persons seated around the room. The Doctor led the singing with his accordion, and Mr. Butler preached.

At the close we gave picture leaflets to each person. One of the congregation, as he passed out, remarked to a friend (referring to the preacher of the evening), "That fellow is worth twenty cures!" Since Conference the Doctor has raised the subscription list of our *Abogado* from sixteen to eighty-two;

and he receives the subscription in monthly or weekly installments till the entire amount is paid. They are like-wise getting up a subscription for a new church. Whatever the sum amounts to weekly, the Doctor doubles it. Being a physician, he also gives advice to the poor free of charge. Some have brought sick friends for many miles around, and his success is very great. His office is, therefore, two-fold, for as a local preacher he gives balm to the sick-sick soul, and as a physician health to the body.

The next day we started to visit the new mine at a distance—not without some misgivings, however. For ten miles we wound round and up the sides of mountains, down into ravines, up again on the other side over rocks and stones and places where at times the horse even hesitated before he could summon courage to drop down into the path below. Not a hut or house was to be seen, nor any sign of civilization for miles. When we finally reached the place and had dismounted from our horses, we "viewed the landscape o'er." Standing on the brow of a mountain, we faced a long, winding ravine, and saw on the mountains on either side a narrow, meandering foot-path, and wondered how we had ever mustered courage to take such a venturesome ride. We remarked, "Well, was ever a woman over this road before?" The answer came spontaneously, "No, you are the only one we have ever known to have made the journey."

Here we entered the mine, the miners preceding us with lighted candles. As we reached the end, or as far as the workmen have gone in their excavations, we took the pickaxe and knocked off a piece of the stone, which proved to contain a fair specimen of silver. We then entered a rude hut on the premises erected for the miners' use, and the Doctor called in all the miners, while Mr. Butler talked to them about the Bible (they were all Catholics), and especially the verse, "God so loved the world," etc. They listened respectfully, and at the close we knelt in prayer on the ground.

The next day we started to visit the mines that were near by. The path lay along a narrow shelf of the mountain, on the very edge of a precipice and water-fall. The gentleman who escorted us took the lead, followed by my husband, while I brought up the rear, single file. We wound in and out of this mountain, the path sometimes being three or four feet wide, and then not more than a foot. As the escort and Mr. Butler had just passed around a curve, and I was following on, we heard low, murmuring voices mingled with the roar of the water-fall, and as I came round in sight of my husband, he said quickly, "Turn back! turn back!"

What a moment that was! I did not know the cause, as I could not see ahead on account of the sharp curve. Should I turn the bridle of my horse carelessly, both horse and rider would probably be hurled over the fearful precipice. There was no time for explanations! The turn was made successfully, and we walked back a short distance till we reached a broader path, and all reined up their horses.

The murmuring of the weird-like voices grew more distinct. There we waited in almost breathless silence, for none of us knew yet what it meant. Presently the form of an old Indian came in view, bearing in his hand the branch of a tree; then followed young boys and girls, single file, all dressed in holiday attire. Then came boys carrying a box which contained a little chair, and propped up in it was an old, ugly doll, decked out in flowers and evergreen sprigs. In the rear was another old Indian, carrying a framed picture of the Virgin. From a work-shop on the mountain-side about twenty men came out to see the procession, and all took off their hats till it had passed. All this nonsense was in honor of St. Joseph.

The mine we visited is very old, and belongs to another company. It has yielded fifteen million dollars, and still contains an immense amount of silver.

We then ascended a mountain, and stood over 11,000 feet above the level of the sea. Pen cannot adequately describe the enchanting scenery presented to our view. The white-washed houses nestled among the trees and flowers in the valley below, and the gentle zephyrs rustled the leaves of the foliage around us, while the sun spread its golden beams over all.

We intended to return on Saturday to Pachuca, as Mr. Butler had engaged to preach there in English in the afternoon, and in the evening in Spanish; but a number of requests had come in for him to preach here, and also to baptize two infants. At last it was decided that services should commence at 9 o'clock A. M. Sunday morning. At the appointed hour the people began to assemble. The room was soon filled. All the benches and chairs in the house were brought into use, and then some sat on the door-steps. Over sixty people were in attendance, and a glorious time we had. As the poor, benighted souls gradually comprehended the idea conveyed in the text, that such great joy as present salvation was theirs, their hearts were greatly moved, and the tears coursed down their bronzed cheeks. There were many present who had never before seen a Protestant and Mr. Butler took advantage of the important occasion.

We then once more "took to the saddle," and after two hours' fast ride, climbing mountain after mountain, we reached Bro. Barker's in time to dress and attend the afternoon service. We returned home after a week's absence—a week spent in pleasure, rest and work for the Master.

Yes! Mexico advances—not only in the march of civilization, but also in that of evangelization. God speed the time when—

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run."
Mexico, April 4, 1882.

CHEAP BOOKS AND PAPERS.

Methodist books and periodicals are so plentifully circulated in this part of the country (Maine). The chief obstacle to their sale is their comparative costliness. It is safe to say that not one-half the official members of our church on the Augusta district take Zion's Herald, and the same, probably, is true of all other districts.

But few Methodist books are to be found in Methodist families. Our Sunday-schools, to a considerable extent, are supplied with cheaper books and other Sunday-school requisites than are furnished by our Book Room. The money argument has more force with our people than all the eloquent appeals of book agents, editors and preachers. Our publishing houses, with their unequalled advantages, ought to be able to defy all competition in publishing cheap literature. Wesley published cheap books and tracts by the million. Why cannot our great publishing house imitate his example?

The profits of the Book Concern should be a subordinate object. If the sole object of our publishing houses were to circulate wholesome religious literature, it would be the grandest power for good in the world. Give us books and papers at the lowest practicable prices, and they will find their way into our Sunday-schools and our homes.

S. ALLEN.

Our Book Table.

WESTMINSTER SERMONS: SERMONS ON Special Occasions, Preached in Westminster Abbey, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, \$2.50. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard. These elaborate discourses are the funeral memorials of well-known Englishmen, such as Palmerston, Dickens, Sir John Herschel, Grote, Livingstone, etc., and have a personal as well as a spiritual interest. Others are in commemoration of national events, incidents connected with the Abbey itself, and suggested by various providential occurrences. The same broad views of truth, the same rare adaptations of Scripture to daily life, and the same chaste and moving eloquence, which marked all the literature as well as pulpit efforts of the late lamented Dean, appear in the polished sermons gathered in this volume. His thousands of friends in this country, won during his visit here, as well as by acquaintance with his works, will welcome this volume.

From the same house we have, in the beautiful uniform edition of the works of Dr. Holland, the well-remembered volumes entitled, *Miss Gurney's Career: An American Story*, and *NICHOLAS MIXTER: A Study in a Story*. This new edition will give a fresh life to these tales, which had, especially the latter, a great run when first published.

THE DEFENSE OF THE BRIDE, and Other Poems, by Anna Katharine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. This is a prettily published, small quarto, of very musical and happily rhymed smaller poems, and several more ambitious and larger pieces in blank verse, with one or two short dramatic sketches. The whole volume shows a skilled hand, a fine poetic sentiment, and, at times, considerable power.

THE PRESENT RELIGIOUS CRISIS, by Augustus Blauvelt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Small quarto, 136 pp. Mr. Blauvelt, some two or three years ago, made his name very conspicuous in a series of newspaper articles, anticipating the present volume, although he had not reached the advanced position which he has now attained. A graduate of Rutgers, and also of an Orthodox Theological Seminary, and settled as a minister over a Reformed Church, eighteen years ago, he began to read Dr. David Friedrich Strauss, and he has evidently made the German destructive criticism his chosen literature for reading and study ever since. To his mind the historical basis of Holy Scripture is destroyed, and with it revealed religion. After he has unsettled all traditional faith, he finds still left what he calls the "religion of Jesus"; but it is very thin, and rather difficult to understand what it is. For himself he has some faith in prayer, but he can hardly see what advantage he shows it to be gained from it, with his views of its nature and body. The volume is a protestation against all settled forms of belief, and a plea for a church that embraces, with equal belief—very form of belief and unbelief—especially the latter. There is really no exhibition of original thought or careful study, but rather a gathering at second hand of speculative theories, which have been traversed and answered over and over again; but the defenses of faith have not formed a notion of the reading, for the last eighteen years, of the author; and this will be found to be the condition of many of the modern opponents of supernatural religion and its historical basis.

HEAVEN, MY FATHER'S HOUSE, by James William Kimball. Boston: N. J. Bartlett & Co. 16mo, 248 pp. Mr. Kimball is the author of a number of popular and excellent books of devotional literature. This delightful, spiritual volume presents the rich Scriptural visions of the life to come which are opened up in the sacred pages. The chapters contain very speculations, but rather profitable and comforting meditations upon the Scriptural intimations of that now veiled immortal world. The book will bear much comfort into the sick-room, and will be a welcome companion for devout Christians in hours of meditation.

ROCKY FORK, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. The author of "Rocky Fork" has within the past three years made herself a place among American novelists. One cannot help being charmed with this story, which has for its principal character a motherless little girl, the daughter of a country doctor, who is brought up by humble relatives in the country until she is taken away by a rich aunt to be "finished" at a large boarding-school. The pictures drawn of life at Rocky Fork are of the most delicate character, and the book is one which will be read with equal pleasure by young and old.

WHAT IS BRIGHT'S DISEASE? Its Curability, by Seth Pancost, M. D. 16mo, 152 pp., \$1.00. Published by the author, 917 Arch Street, Philadelphia. The writer of this little treatise seems to have made a special study of this common and serious affection. There appears to be much more of it in modern times than formerly; but this simply arises from the fact, doubtless, that it has, in later days, been detected, better understood and more fully described. The present volume gives both the physiology and pathology of the disease. It may be profitably read by all. Its suggestions as to preventives, and its

descriptions of its symptoms will be of much practical service. The volume is not intended for the well-instructed physician, but is written in popular style for the benefit of unprofessional men.

R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati, issue for Sunday-school and social worship, SINGING OF THE WAY, by Mrs. Belle M. Jewett, assisted by Dr. J. F. Holbrook. The selection both of hymns and verses seems to have been made in good taste. The peculiarity of this book is the set of the author, and a delicate woman's hand is manifest in its compilation.

PRACTICAL LIFE: OR, WAYS AND MEANS for Developing Character and Resources, by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. Octavo, 606 pp. These lessons by C. C. McCurdy & Co. is a subscription book, neatly published, and illustrated with colored pictures. The author's name is familiar as a correspondent of periodicals, and the writer of many popular juvenile books. The little hardly gives the idea of the volume. It is a book of vignettes and vivacious essays upon home economy and the ordering of daily life. It treats of physical culture, of character, of business for both sexes, of the domestic affections and duties, of amusements, dress and education. In short, it touches upon all the chief topics of daily life and duty. Its style is free and flowing, and all its themes are treated from a Christian point of view. The volume will fill a useful niche in the family library.

From the same house we receive, DAYS OF THE SON OF MAN, by Rev. Daniel March, D. D. Octavo, 685 pp. Published on thick paper, in clear type, illustrated by colored pictures, and handsomely bound. The previous works of Dr. March, illustrating Scriptural themes by personal observations in the Holy Land, have enjoyed an appreciative and wide patronage. The present is not a book of travel, but it considers the incidents of Christ's life as associated with different localities—Bethlehem, Nazareth, Capernaum, the sea-side, the Mounts of Beatitudes, etc. The chapters form a series of very impressive and interesting illustrated lectures upon the life of Christ. We heartily commend the book for family reading and to the Sunday-school teacher. The correctness of the translation and the course of New Testament lectures, by the pastor, D. L. Guernsey & Co., agents for New England, 61 Cornhill.

W. F. Draper, of Andover, issues a volume of curious, and also of some practical, interest to the Bible student. It is the famous Apocryphal book of the New Testament, also alluded to by Jude, and often referred to by certain of the early Church fathers. It is entitled, THE BOOK OF ENOCH, and has been translated from the Ethiopic version, with introduction and notes by Prof. George H. Schodde, Ph. D. The correctness of the translation and the interest and value of the work are vouched for in a short introduction by Dr. Ezra Abbott. The original work was not discovered until the close of the last century, and its authenticity was then made which had passed out of print. This new one is far its superior; the author having facilities not enjoyed by Bishop Lawrence, the translator of the other. The ample introduction and notes give all the information to be obtained or desired about this interesting antique, nearly contemporary with portions of the New Testament; and the painstaking work of the present translator will be a great help to the student. 12mo, 272 pp. Price \$1.75.

A. D. F. Randolph & Co. issue the last three volumes—upon Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel and the minor prophets—completing the Sacred Canon of the Biblical Museum, by James Conner Gray. 3 vols., duodecimo, 15 volumes in all. \$1.25 each. Sent post-paid by publishers. This work is well known in the Sunday-school. Its homiletic, descriptive and practical comments are very full, with abundant references to incidents and anecdotes. The work has been greatly appreciated by Sunday-school teachers.

Harper & Brothers publish, in a very neat and very cheap duodecimo, THE HISTORY OF THE FIRST FORTY YEARS OF THE LIFE OF THOMAS CARLYLE, by James Anthony Froude. Edited by him also published in even cheaper form in their Franklin Square Library. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard. It is a fascinating book; but it does not place the rough Scotchman in any more inviting light before the public. It opens a sad window into his domestic history, and takes away somewhat from the pathos and poetry of his posthumous tenderness for his wife. Thousands are reading the singular review of the same time, and Carlyle is enjoying a fresh patronage, with a much less worshipful regard than when he was the rage, especially of young collegians, fond of a little history.

From the same house, in William J. Rolfe's excellent school edition of Shakespeare, we have TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

In the uniform series of the works of Mrs. Muloch, published by the Harper Brothers, we have a volume of short essays on a great variety of subjects. They are published under the title of *THE SPEAKING*. These articles have been contributed to periodicals, and are written in an attractive style. They are well worthy of this neat and permanent form. Price \$1.25.

In the series of English Men of Letters from the same house, edited by John Morley, we have RICHARD BENTLEY, by R. C. Jebb, M. A., LL.D. From the literary and critical point of view, one of his contemporaries, and the compiler has given a sufficiently full and satisfactory sketch of the life and works of the great master of Trinity, Cambridge. The last chapter gives a fair estimate of Bentley's place among the great English scholars. Price 75 cents.

A very attractive book from the press of the Harpers is VICTOR HUGO AND HIS TIME, by Alfred Barbon, illustrated with 14 drawings—many from Victor Hugo himself. Price \$2.50. The volume has been successfully translated from the French by Ellen E. Frewer. It has an introduction of 275 pp. We have here, from a Frenchman, a very broad and appreciative life of the great novelist, still living to revise the story of his own history and labors. No Frenchman is more admired or fondly regarded by his nation. The children fairly worship him; and well they may tenderly regard him, for he fully returns their affection. His life is itself a romance, and it is dramatically told. The volume is a history of events, as well as a biography, and a full account of his origin, foundation and success of his literary works. The book will be a capital one for the trunk when packed for the summer vacation.

The National Temperance Society issue, in a neat form, HER ISSUES, by Laurie Loring. It is a faithful presentation tale, with a silver lining to the cloud at the close. It will make a good volume for the juvenile library.

The Sun

SECOND QUARTER.

Sunday, Jan.

BY REV. W.

THE TRAIL

I. Preliminary

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "Heaven, saying, 'Whom I am well pleased to see.'" 2. DATE: Sunday, after the events of the day.

3. PLACE: Mt.

4. PARALLEL: Luke 9: 28-36.

II. Introduction

No event has days' interval. They are the disciples in. Not that their of Jesus was sh announcement death, and the together with weighty conditions posed upon a greatly distressed ask for an explanation which He had their mental dis their faith, so leave them for instruction.

of going up to His wot, He James and John apart" upon desired seclusion found, after secent; and when the three disciples Gethsemane, the cool grass. When they awnigh dazzled, which beamed of their Lord. Intolerably w face of the noce of their Master. With Him, co the same lo two majestic instinctively Elijah. And converse was death at Jeru ples had gone painfully.

The visito when Peter, but anxious longer a spec porting, especially to be here; tabernacles, Moses, and words were nuous cloud, the disciples and carrying glory and ho of the Mos the mountain it with such they fell pro in the grass hear ye Him touched the disciples when they brightness disappeared only; and glory had been seen of seced from broken out. They could of the resu. Him further some ques light: Eliu said—and p They had back; and assured that predicted a suffered a awaited His derstood to the Baptis

III. Ex

Verse 2, "about eleven o'clock, the sun was shining brightly, and the shadows were cast long and dark."

James and John were crowned with glory and honor, and death could love" (Trev before been of the R. C. Jebb, M.

The Family.

ABOVE A GRAVE.

BY EUN H. REXFORD.

Sleep well, dear friend, this peaceful day,
Upon the earth's kind breast.
As a tired child who drops away
In mother-arms to rest.

Dream of a thousand happy things,
Oh, sorely wearied heart!
While over you, in coming springs,
The creeping grasses start.

May sweetest rest be yours, my friend,
Whose hand I lose from mine,
The peace of God that shall not end,
Deep, tender, and divine!

Your love, through all the coming years,
Will linger in our ear,
And we shall see through falling tears,
The face we cover here.

But when we miss your presence most,
And long to touch your hand,
We shall not feel that you are lost—
Dear heart, you understand!

So, while true friendship drops a tear
In hearts whose loss is sure,
We go our ways and leave you here,
Remembering evermore.

OUR MISSIONARY SOCIETY—ITS WORK AND AIM.

BY MARY E. FLANDERS.

[Read before the Young Ladies' Missionary Society of Trinity M. E. Church, Charleston, Mass.]

To instruct the ignorant, to raise the fallen, to relieve the distressed, and to bring suffering humanity to Christ, is the grandest and most ennobling work in which it is our privilege to engage. It is not a work that is easily accomplished, nor one which can be undertaken successfully by the heedless or indifferent. It demands thoroughly cultivated, large-hearted, earnest, practical Christian workers, who, impelled by the great motive power of love, have consecrated their lives to the work of reform.

This power is the noblest attribute of the human heart. It reveals itself in every phase of life, crowning ordinary mortals with a glory almost divine, and inciting such deeds of self-sacrifice as to cause this cold hard world of ours to stand silenced in tearful sympathy. Whatever form it takes—whether the love of country, of home, of friends, love parental, filial, or marital—it is alike wonderful, self-consuming, grand and sublime. It has been, and is still, the prime force in every philanthropic movement, spurring men on to such heights and depths of knowledge as will hasten the spread of civilization throughout all lands, and is the golden chain that will yet bind the nations of the earth together and to the great Father-land of Deity.

When the power of love possesses the heart, no sacrifice is too great if only the highest good of the object may be attained. "The law of our whole state," says Thoreau, "is life out of death. Learning is the fruit of sacrifice; character is the result of many and severe sacrifices; liberty springs from sacrifice; and look where you may, you will find nothing that deserves to be called a good that has not cost labor, or tears, or blood."

History proves that the spirit of self-sacrifice is natural to man, and is called into action in proportion to the greatness of its object. Call the dead-roll of the world's heroes—its discoverers, its scientists, its philanthropists, its leaders in civilization, its saints and martyrs, and its ministering spirits to the distressed. As we study the lives of these architects of our peace and liberty, we will see that the paths leading to such heights of glory as they attained were the thorny paths of disappointment, discouragement, poverty and persecution.

In the religious world this is pre-eminent the case. Turning to Calvary, we behold the crucified One in all the agonies of an ignominious death. Leaving His Father's house, the beautiful city of golden streets, and the society of angels and of just men made perfect, the Son of God passed through the pearly gates into a world of darkness and degradation, to give His life a ransom for many. One word from His dying lips would have driven the cruel mob to everlasting destruction; but obedient to the mighty impulse of love, He yields up that precious life on the cross. Contemplate, if possible, the sublime power that sealed those lips and sustained the Saviour through the hour of trial and darkness! No wonder the poet was forced to exclaim,—

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

Again, as we recall the early church, our attention is arrested by the wonderful character of Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles. Possessing rare gifts as a scholar, a philosopher, an orator and a preacher, he was one of the greatest men history has produced. When God converted his heart, he was convinced that religion was for the whole world. He devoted that massive mind and heart to the work of God, and bidding adieu to honor, wealth, position, friends and home, he went forth to face perils by land and sea, to endure privation, persecution, and even death, because the love of Christ constrained him to preach the Gospel. We feel that life to-day, and its influence will be felt throughout eternity.

If we turn to modern times, such glowing characters as the Judsons, Mrs. Harriet Newell, the devoted William Carey, and a host of others, pass in bright review before us. Talented and cultivated, they devoted their lives with heroic self-sacrifice to the great missionary enterprises of the day. Here again "Love, like the fabled bird, pierced its own bosom to feed its loved ones." These heralds of the Cross endured wrongs unspeakable in defense of the truth, suffered that others might suffer less, and bravely faced the torrid

heat and arctic cold to carry the word of life to the perishing.

Are not these deeds of the past calling loudly to us to-day to go forward in the missionary cause? Do we heed the call, or in our apathy and love of self-ease make ourselves believe that only a few chosen spirits with peculiar gifts should undertake such a work? Let us ask ourselves if we, the young ladies of the Foreign Missionary Society, are doing all in our power to foster this spirit of love that so largely characterized the ministering spirits of the past? Natural as it is for human nature to shrink from responsibility, how can we, seeing the hands of suffering extended to us from the haunts of vice and superstition, turn away in cold indifference, leaving the work for more willing hearts than ours?

Mission work in its broadest sense means reclaiming, guiding, moulding and inspiring to purity of life and manliness of character, extending the hand of sympathy to the distressed, cheering the disheartened, and, in fact, anything that will make man or woman more Christlike. This is the aim of our society; and how we may best attain that end is a question often asked and one we ought seriously to consider.

First, we must not only see the need of the work, its extent and demands, but we must feel its claims upon us as individuals. Let us seek to become intelligently informed upon the subject of missions and the means employed for their advancement, and there will be no lack of interest among our young people; as it will be impossible to study the lives of the heroes and heroines of the Cross without creating an interest in the cause for which they suffered and died. Then as the light of revelation shines in upon our minds, our narrow conceptions of missionary enterprises will no longer retard our progress; while self and selfish aims will sink from view as the wants of the great human family, of which we are all members, claim our love and sympathy.

Again, our social gatherings must be made attractive, interesting and profitable, so that the young people of our church and Sunday-school will feel their charming and refining influence. This will require an effort on our part, as many of us have but little time in the midst of our hurry and bustle of life to improve our individual gifts; yet by exercising what we have, we will gain much ourselves as well as contribute to the pleasure of others. Can we not, then, explore the jeweled caskets of knowledge, and from their many treasures bring forth gems of thought, rare and beautiful, as an offering to our Young Ladies' Missionary Society? Think of our own rich returns from such an investment of time, as well as the increased power for good upon those around us.

Then, in view of these our glorious privileges, let us as a society and individuals seek beneath the shadow of the Cross such an inspiration of love for God and humanity that we will seize these golden opportunities and make them stepping-stones to lives of devoted usefulness.

A MARRIAGE HYMN.

"From henceforth no more twain, but one."

Yet ever one through being twain,
As self is ever lost and won
Through love's full selfless loss and gain.

And both their full perfection reach,
Each growing the full self through each.

Two in all worship, glad and high,
All promises to praise and prayer.

When two are gathered, there am I—
Gone half the weight from all ye bear,
Gained twice the force for all ye do—
The ceaseless, sacred church of two.

One in all lowly ministry,
One in all priestly sacrifice.

Through love which makes all service free,
And finds and makes all gifts of price,
All love which made life rich before,
And the new song beyond the sun
Peals, "Henceforth no more twain but One."

And in that perfect Marriage Day
All earth's lost love shall live once more;
All lack and loss shall pass away,
And all find all not found before;
Till all the worlds shall live and glow
In that great love's great overflow.

—Author of "Chronicles of Schenck-Cotta Family."

Our Girls.

THE NORTH SIDE.

BY ELIZABETH KIRK.

I trembled every time I heard his step. As this was several times in the course of a day, my chills were frequent, and promised to be unintermitting. As I was not of a timid or shrinking nature, every one in the house who knew of my fears laughed me to scorn. My cousin Constance was particularly jubilant at my expense, and even the cook greeted me with a grin every time I entered the kitchen.

My parents were in Switzerland for the summer, and Constance and I were left to keep house. This establishment had required such a retinue of servants to keep it in respectable running order, that my father had let the north side to a gentleman who was very anxious to spend some months in Galvieve.

Galvieve is only a village, and so straggling a place that our nearest neighbor is a mile and a half away. The strangest thing about our tenant was that he lived alone. He was utterly without society or companionship, and this fact made me very nervous and suspicious.

The house was so divided and secured that Mr. Ransom could not have trespassed upon our part without the aid of a confederate or a regiment of workmen. Still, we could hear his step, and that was enough—at least, it was enough for me. If there had been a step to keep company with his step, or to alternate with it, it would have been different. Mr. Ransom must have

brought his provisions in with his own hands, for neither the butcher nor the baker ever stopped before his door, to our knowledge; and he must cook it with his own hands, too.

"Dear me, Constance, how does he manage it?" I asked one morning, as Constance and I sat at work in the south sitting-room.

"How does who manage it?" my cousin inquired so stupidly and abstrusely that I felt like boxing her ears.

"Just as if you didn't know!" I answered with a snap.

"Oh, yes! Mr. Ransom!" she laughed. "How could I be so stupid?"

Constance went on with her drawing, and I did my best to give my mind to "Sartor Resartus." My question as to how the gentleman managed remained unanswered. Just then a crash as of falling crockery from the other side of the partition caused me to jump in fright from my chair.

"It's nothing but dishes, Winnie!" Constance remarked calmly. "I've often felt as if I should like to break dishes," she added, with a singular look in her eyes.

"But you don't think he did it on purpose, do you?" I inquired in a whisper of alarm.

This, or something else, started Constance off into a fit of hysterical laughter, which effectually prevented her from answering question number two.

"Upon my word, Winnie, I believe you are becoming a monomaniac," my cousin remarked, when she had recovered a little. "Our neighbor attends to his own affairs, and you think it would be a little better if you attended to yours?"

I felt this to be very unkind as well as uncalled for, and I made no reply.

"You haven't but one charge to bring against the poor man," she added wickedly, "and that is that he has the use of his legs."

I thought that it would be more conducive to my peace of mind if he hadn't, but I didn't say so. I decided at that moment never to mention this man again. The consequences of my silence might be fatal, for I knew that some terrible catastrophe hung over our heads, which had its origin and sole connection with the tenant of the north side. However, I had been a laughing-stock long enough; and it was time to put a stop to it.

Constance had laid aside her pencil, and had been gazing steadily out of the window for some time. Finally she turned and asked abruptly,—

"Didn't you ever feel like breaking things, Winnie?"

I tried hard to remember if ever such a desire had possessed me, and was enabled to answer truthfully in the negative.

"Well, I have," she answered. "Sometimes at home when the cook had her day out, I used to be called upon to wash the tea things. I never touched a dish on one of those occasions that I didn't want to throw it plump against something hard and break it."

This was the strangest thing I had ever heard in my life, and I replied to that effect.

"It was an honorable impulse, Winnie!" my cousin responded. "It was simply a protest against drudgery."

"That's an ingenious way of excusing bad temper," I remarked.

"Since you call it by so hard a name," said Constance, "I had better withhold the rest of my confidence; but, Winnie!"

"—she didn't wait for me to speak—"I have wanted to break things of more consequence than dishes a great many times."

"People's heads, for instance," I suggested.

"The same thing," she replied with a laugh. "Wills are harder than heads," she went on, "but there is never a day, Winnie Severne, that I don't want to break something before the sun goes down. Now perhaps you think I am quite as dangerous as Mr. Ransom?"

"I think there are very queer folks living in this house," I replied, "and I shouldn't be at all surprised if the penitentiary and lunatic asylum should receive several recruits before fall."

Constance broke into her merriest laugh, and then we strolled out on the piazza to see the clouds that had been banking up in the west all the morning.

It was a gorgeous spectacle, and for a few blissful moments I forgot our neighbor and everything else disagreeable. My cousin sat on the upper step, her elbow resting on her knee, and her pretty chin held up by her still prettier hand. Constance had always been an object of admiration to me. Now, in a delicate blue muslin dress, with a bunch of roses at her bosom, she was more fair than glad.

"I am so glad we are not going to have any company this summer," Constance exclaimed, after a pause of several minutes.

This remark sent all my anxieties back upon me. I was just going to reply, when we heard a man's step—the step—approaching.

"O Constance!" I exclaimed, and then the stranger stood before us. He was a tall, well-formed man, with dark eyes, dark hair and dark moustache, and a sallow complexion. He did not look exactly like a murderer or a burglar; still there was something to me very singular and suspicious in his appearance.

"Pardon me, ladies," he began, raising his hat as he spoke, "but I find myself in need of some tools which I think you might possibly loan me—a screw-driver and a gimlet, please."

"I think you can be accommodated," Constance replied.

She had risen at the man's approach, and without another word walked away, leaving me alone with my *bete noir*.

My first impulse was to follow her; but I gave it up, and sat like an anguished sphinx, with my eyes cast down and my "heart in my mouth."

"Mr. Severne has not returned yet, I suppose?" my companion inquired, evidently feeling the awkwardness of his position.

"No; but we are expecting him any time," I replied—a statement which, to my everlasting shame, was made entirely out of whole cloth.

"I wasn't aware of that," the stranger replied; and then Constance arrived with the tools.

"Is there anything else you would like?" she inquired with a smile. "The stock of tools seems inexhaustible."

"No, thank you," he answered, "these are all I need."

Then he uncovered his head again, and went his way.

"Who knows?" Constance whispered, "but he has borrowed your gimlet to burgle with? Burglars always use gimlets, Winnie."

"Mephistopheles didn't require a gimlet; no more will Mr. Ransom," I answered in wrath.

"Sh!"—said Constance, and I looked up to see our neighbor again.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but if Mr. Severne arrives within a few days, I shall be greatly obliged if you will let me know."

"Mr. Severne can't possibly return until the last of October," Constance hurried to say.

I felt literally turned to stone. My tongue seemed like an iron bar, and my lips stuck fast. Mr. Ransom looked first at Constance, and then at me. It is a very bold and coarse statement to make, but that man knew I was a liar.

In my desperation I looked straight at him, and saw that he was smiling.

"I must have misunderstood," he remarked politely. "Good morning, ladies."

"Winnie, have you lost all your senses, or what is the matter?" my cousin inquired, as we heard our neighbor's door close. "Have you ever met that man before?"

"O Constance!" I cried. "I told the wretch that papa was expected home any day, and now just see what you have done!"

An old slouched hat behind the stove was raised a little, but there was no other sign that the man heard. Dilly shrank back abashed.

"Shoed and coat and such things," he muttered. "Hoods—I'm afraid I've spoiled with the whiskey; but mebbe my coat would suit you. Wouldn't you take some of 'em out of your barrel, Mr. Ransom?"

I should think 'em awful bad," I muttered. "I should think you'd be better off with the by-standers, surveying the two dilapidated figures; but Mr. Ransom's wrath was rising."

"What barrel?" he asked you here?" he demanded, angrily.

"Your rum-barrel," answered Dilly, standing her ground desperately, though with a little catch in her breath, that was just ready to break into a sob.

"Ma works hard all the time, and she looks awful sick, and she don't have any nice dinners at our house, like Freddy Burr's; and no new shoes, nor caps, nor anything. I asked Freddy where our good things came from, 'cause they don't come to our house, and he said you had 'em down here in your barrels. Please, do take some of 'em out, Mr. Ransom. I'm sure it can't make anybody's drink take a bit better to have poor little boys and girls's new shoes and dresses and everything in the barrel."

"You're right there, sissy. It's just about spoiled the taste of mine," said one of the group at the counter, putting his glass with a queer, perplexed look.

But there was no perplexity in the bar-keeper's look. That was wonderful. We've had enough of this nonsense! Now, you work as much as I do, and have as fast as your feet will carry you, and never let me catch you inside these doors again."

He stepped towards them, as if to drive them out; but the man behind the bar, who could tell how much of a fellow he was, held him back.

"Take care, Barney! You'd better not touch them. You've knocked me about often enough, but you'd best let them alone."

There was a fire in the man's eyes, and he said, "You had better leave 'em alone, or I'll show you how I can handle 'em."

Both children were crying by this time; but the father took a hand of each. "Come, Dilly; come, baby," and, without a word or look to his companions, he passed out into the street. It was a very silent walk. Dilly's tears were dried as soon as the stranger, whose loud voice had awakened his baby terror, was out of sight; but poor little Dilly's heart was sore with disappointment and fear. She had failed in the scheme that she had thought promised so fairly.

No hood nor shoes had she seen, after all her bravery in venturing into that dreadful street; and she could tell how angry her father might be. She stole shy glances up under the old hat; but she only saw a sober, downcast face, and he said nothing, not even when they had reached home. He hunted up some fuel and made a better fire; and then sat down before it, with his head between his hands, and left the children to their own devices.

But two weeks later Dilly completed the story, confidentially, to Freddy Burr.

"See here!" she said, pushing the toes of a pair of stout new shoes through the fence.

"Where did you get 'em?" asked Freddy.

"And see here!" continued Dilly, bobbing up for an instant, to show the hood that covered her yellow hair, and touching it significantly with her finger.

"Where did you get 'em?" repeated Freddy.

My pa worked and bought 'em, and brought 'em home; and they didn't get into nobody's barrel," explained Dilly, with great pride and little regard for grammar. Then she pressed her small face close against the fence, for a prolonged silence.

"You see the billenium has come to our house."

"The what?" questioned bewildered Freddy.

The billenium. It's a pretty long word," said Dilly, complacently; "but it means good times. Anyhow, that's what ma called it and I guess she knows. It was just this way, Freddy Burr. When you told me that you had all our nice things down to the store in a barrel, I just went right down there, and asked him for 'em—me and Toddlies."

"You didn't!" exclaimed horrified Freddy.

"Did too!" declared Dilly, with an emphatic nod. "Well, he wouldn't give me one of 'em, and he was just as cross as anything. So, then, my pa got up from the stove and walked home with us. He didn't scold a bit; but he just sat down before the fire, this way, and thought and thought and thought. At last, he put his hand in one pocket, and there wasn't anything there; and then he put it in the other, and found ten cents, and he went out and bought some meat for supper. Then, when ma came

"My father buys 'em for me; and the reason you don't get any for you is 'cause they sell 'em into old Barney's rum-barrel, down at the corner. That's the way of it, true as you live, Dilly Keene; and it's awful mean, too!" declared Freddy, growing indignant as he explained.

Then a voice from the pretty house behind called Freddy; and he ran in, while Dilly and Toddlies, with their amusement of watching ended, turned sullenly away.

Dilly surveyed the baby and herself thoughtfully, and sat down upon an old log to meditate. If what Freddy Burr had told her was true, something ought to be done about it; and the longer she pondered the more fully she became convinced that she had heard the truth.

"Cause other folks has things and we don't, and it must be ours go some where else," she reasoned. "They can't be any good there either. I'm just sure they can't. Mebbe I've got a hood—mebbe it would be a nice red one, pretty and warm. Wish I had it now."

She stopped, as Dilly saw them when her mother surprised if she could do that—poor mother, who was out washing, and who would be so tired when she came home at night!

"Toddlies, let's do it!" she said, springing up, excitedly. "Let's go and see if we can get some of 'em."

"Yah!" answered Toddlies, contentedly; and, taking his hand, Dilly opened the door and led the way down the street.

There were a number of men in the store at the corner—a queer store, with a certain air of the lower half of its front window being closed when the door opened; but she was a determined little body when once she had decided upon the proper thing to do.

So she only slipped Toddlies' hand closer, and walked in up to the counter, making a loud effort to speak distinctly because her heart beat so fast.

"Please, sir, have you got anything of ours—a-here?"

There was an instant's silence, and then a shout of laughter from the men.

"Well, now, that's a neat way of putting it. Hey, Keene, these youngsters of yours want to know if Barney has you in his barrel?"

An old slouched hat behind the stove was raised a little, but there was no other sign that the man heard. Dilly shrank back abashed.

"Shoed and coat and such things," he muttered. "Hoods—I'm afraid I've spoiled with the whiskey; but mebbe my coat would suit you. Wouldn't you take some of 'em out of your barrel, Mr. Ransom?"

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home, he talked to her, and they both cried—I don't know what for, 'less it was 'cause we couldn't get the things out of that old barrel. And ma hugged and kissed me most to death that night, she did."

